

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.All business or news letters and telegraphic
despatches must be addressed New York
Herald.Rejected communications will not be re-
turned.

Volume XXXVII.....No. 278

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 514 Broadway.—Variety
Entertainment.BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth
avenue.—ARRAS-NA-POGUE.BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—EPI, OR, BEFORE THE
ARRANGEMENTS—CALIFORNIA DIAMONDS, &c.WOODS' THEATRE, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—
Escaped from Sing Sing. Attention and Evening.UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway, between Thirtieth
and Fourteenth streets.—AGNES.FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—
DIAMONDS.GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth
av.—BOI CAROTTE.ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fourteenth street.—ITALIAN
OPERA—TRAVIATA.WALLACE'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth
street.—FATALITY AND GALATEA.WHITE'S ATHLETIC, 565 Broadway.—NIGRO MIN-
STRELS, &c.BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner
5th av.—NIGRO MINSTRELS, ECCECITICITY, &c.ST. JAMES THEATRE, corner of 25th st. and Broad
way.—SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS IN PARADE, &c.CHARLEY SHAYS OPERA HOUSE, Thirty-fourth st.
and Third av.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.720 BROADWAY, EMERSON'S MINSTRELS.—GRAND
ETHIOPIAN ECCECITICITY.BAILEY'S GREAT CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, foot
of Houston street, East River.STEINWAY HALL, Fourth street.—ROSENSTEIN
CONCERT.AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, Third av., between 55d
and 56th streets.DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, No. 745 Broadway.—ART AND
SCIENCE.NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 63 Broadway.—
SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Friday, Oct. 4, 1872.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the
Herald.EDITORIAL LEADER: "THE GEORGIA STATE
ELECTION—ITS EFFECT UPON THE PRESI-
DENTIAL CANVASS"—SIXTH PAGE.WILLIAM BUTLER DUNCAN FOR MAYOR: THE
COMMITTEE OF SEVENTY ON THE NOMI-
NATION; A FAVORABLE REPORT—THIRD
PAGE.THE GEORGIA STATE ELECTION: 40,000 DEMO-
CRATIC MAJORITY—POLITICAL INTELLI-
GENCE—THIRD PAGE.THE BURNING OF THE ESCURIAL—CABLE TELE-
GRAMS FROM EUROPE AND ASIA—THE
RUBINSTEIN CONCERT—WASHINGTON
NEWS—SEVENTH PAGE.GRAND Oration TO PENNSYLVANIA'S WAR
GOVERNOR—LARGE MEETING OF NEW
YORK'S "SWARTHY ELEMENT"—GRANT
ENDORSED—THIRD PAGE.A BORD OF SAVAGE CHIEFS ON THE WAY TO
INTERVIEW "GREAT FATHER" GRANT:
WHY THEY COME—THE TROTTING AT
FLEETWOOD—SHIPPING—TENTH PAGE.TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE EAST TEN-
NESSEE, VIRGINIA AND GEORGIA RAIL-
ROAD—PERSONAL NEWS—SEVENTH PAGE.TENNESSEE'S ORATORICAL TERNARY: INTER-
VIEWS WITH JOHNSON, MAYNARD AND
CHATHAM—THE STRAIGHT-OUT CON-
VENTION ENDORSE O'CONNOR: NO STATE
TICKET—FOURTH PAGE.HOW THE PATENTING RIOTS COMMENCED:
NEGROES EXHUMED—ARCHBISHOP BAY-
LEY'S FAREWELL—THE PROCEEDINGS IN
THE COURTS—FIFTH PAGE.THE HORRORS OF WARD'S ISLAND: FAR-
RELL'S STORY—GREGORY AT THE SUP-
PLY COUNTY FAIR—FIFTH PAGE.SENATOR BUCKALEW'S OPINIONS ON THE
REAL ISSUES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA
CANVASS—FOURTH PAGE.THE WALL STREET BOARDS: THE FINANCIAL
SITUATION; DECLINE IN STOCKS; GOLD,
113½—MUNICIPAL—THE COMPTROLLER'S
REPORT—EIGHTH PAGE.LOCAL NEWS—CENTRAL PARK HIGHWAYMEN—
POISONING—NINTH PAGE.A GOOD BEGINNING is the safest and surest
way to a good ending; and so, as in the case
of city reform the election of William Butler
Duncan as Mayor will be a good beginning,
there can be no mistake or hazard in electing
him.Who is to blame?—So far as they have gone
the official investigations into the burning of
the Bienville and the explosion on the Dean
Richmond do not succeed in eliciting very
satisfactory evidence. Such disasters are of
too frequent occurrence. They cannot properly
be called accidents, being the natural results
of certain conditions which should be sedu-
lously guarded against. The travelling public
rely on the transportation companies to assure
safety by carefully obeying those physical laws
which govern combustion, explosion and other
perils to which passengers are always exposed
if carelessness is permitted. To ascertain
clearly the facts, and place the blame where it
belongs, is the duty of those in charge of the
investigation. No whitewash is required.THE STRAIGHT-OUT DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION
AT ALBANY does not appear to have set the Hud-
son River on fire. So far, indeed, these straight-
outs in behalf of their independent Presi-
dential ticket seem to be in the precarious
and perplexing position of Mr. Micawber,
when he was "waiting for something to turn
up." Thus it is probable they will await the
results of the State elections of Tuesday next,
and then mysteriously disappear.TENTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—The old
Mozart war horse, Fernando Wood, again
smell the battle afar off, and is on his
accustomed mettle with a fair prospect of
reaching the goal. He has done well in Con-
gress, and in the present division of parties
perhaps it would be as well to keep him in
Washington out of harm's way. Hosea B.
Perkins thinks otherwise. Mr. Perkins is
himself a candidate. Mr. Perkins is an out-
and-out in eloquence, and, as he has not yet
had an opportunity to ventilate his great gift in
Congress, he is just now anxious to get there.
If, in the course of human events, he should get
there, then he will be found, but not before.
So sayeth Bunsby, and beyond that deponent
saith not.The Georgia State Election—Its Effect
Upon the Presidential Canvass.

Although the returns published this morn-
ing concerning the Georgia election make a
considerable reduction upon the sanguine
estimates of the night of the struggle, there is
sufficient left yet to allow of considerable
jubilation in the liberal and democratic camps.
Georgia is now said to have gone for the lib-
eral candidate, James M. Smith, by a ma-
jority of at least thirty thousand, over
Walker, the republican. The figures
first quoted by triumphant partisans
in the flush of victory will generally bear the
application of the pruning knife, and Georgia
is no exception to the rule. Last year's elec-
tion gave a democratic majority of close to
twenty-seven thousand. This would show a
clear gain of three thousand—something for
the liberal coalition to delight in, certainly.

There is every evidence that this campaign
for the Presidency will, in many respects, be
one of the most curious on record. The most
striking thing in this relation will undoubtedly
be the fluctuations of popular opinion on the
voting strength of the two parties. We have
never before, apparently, had so many citi-
zens in that state of doubt as to how they
will cast their votes for President, known
in common parlance as "on the fence." Thus
the variations in the estimates of
national strength tell more readily upon the
masses and excite a keener interest than heretofore. The liberal movement was in every
respect an experiment which, having proved
successful in a single State, is in process of
being applied to the Union. While, there-
fore, the various Fall election States register
their voices for one or the other side with
increased or diminished force, the voters of
the other States make nice calculations about
the prospects of the coalition and the adminis-
tration parties. In olden times, when strict
party lines were drawn, the citizen who
espoused a party and its cause held a heart
of grace and deposited his ticket with the
faith of a martyr. Now, in addition to the
novelty of the main or national question at
issue there are local questions at stake in so
many States that there is great difficulty in
deducing an exact moral from their votes. Is
it the ferment of the popular mind on the eve
of a quiet, political revolution, or is it merely
the increased value of the great offices at stake
which makes the simple man of business, as
well as the grasping office-holder, as sensitive
to the effect of a State election as a magnetic
needle to an electric storm? The difficulty of
answering this query would not be great, if it
related alone to the feelings of the office-holder;
but to account for the widespread nervous
tension of the people is not so easy.

To appreciate the forces at work it is nec-
essary to look back over the series of quotations,
so to speak, in the Presidential market, since
the baby liberal movement was first christened
at Cincinnati. This sturdy offshoot of republi-
can opposition to President Grant's adminis-
tration grew so amazingly fast that in less
than a couple of months it had won the ad-
miration and affection of the democratic
party, who, seeing that its parents were poor
but honest, forthwith proceeded solemnly to
adopt it at Baltimore. It came out of
the Convention as fully armed as
Minerva out of the brain of Jupiter,
and was hailed as the heir apparent
to Jefferson and Jackson all over the land
by the professing disciples of that school. It was
curiously and comically regarded at first, and
public opinion at once took opposite sides in
its regard. One side regarded it as the young
Arthur who was to rise up and clear the land
of the heathen—i. e., the carpet-bagger,
the corruptionist and the incapable; the other
regarded it as Ginx's Baby in a state of pre-
mature manhood—a thing to be the pet of bogus
philanthropists and coddled and cuffed alto-
gether by its wealthy protectors until one
night early next November it was to be driven
to suicide by a plunge in Salt River. Never,
probably, in the history of American politics,
were the sages so quaintly divided in their
prognostications. But time was going ahead.
The young Arthur was sent down with shield
and spear to North Carolina, and when the
struggle came on and the battle was fought
both sides claimed the victory. "He is
the true King Arthur," shouted the lib-
erals, "for has he not carried more
Congressional districts and reduced the
victory of the Governor?" "Bah!"
replied the Grant men, "he is Ginx's Baby,
for the State has gone republican." Among
the Green Mountains was his next essay.
There was no hope for victory there, and,
although the Young Liberal fought but little
among the hills, it was voted all the more that
he was Ginx's Baby. The battle in the Border
State, among the pines of Maine, where
he fought a plucky fight, sent him away
with little comfort, and some who
called him Arthur a week before were
joining in the outcry against Ginx's
Baby. This was saddening to the philo-
sophic onlooker, and gave much cause
for comfort to those who had scoffed from
the beginning. It was concluded among the
friends of the stripling that his foremost
banner-bearer should go forth and do combat
among the States where the Young Liberal
would have his greatest fight. So Greeley
went forth, as his Merlin, and by the weight
of his name and his sturdy blows that smote
the enemy often twenty times a day, through
Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana, made a good
impression in the Liberal's favor. Mr.
Greeley proclaimed him the true Arthur, and
the shout against him as Ginx's Baby became
sensibly fainter. The young man, however,
was not allowed to rest, for far down South
the enemy was waiting to be beaten in Georgia.
With no uncertain effect did he strike
there, as the election returns show with the
list of the radical dead and wounded. So the
revelation has set in, and the cry is once more
rolling back that he is not Ginx's Baby, but
Arthur, after all.

All this, although it rehabilitates him, is
not enough. It certainly restores him with its
reflex to the higher water mark, which he
touched after his adoption at Baltimore, and
sends him into the three battles of next Tuesday
with an increased prestige and a better morale
than he owned after his tribulations in Maine.
There, indeed, he had found foemen worthy of
his steel. There will it be decided whether his
banner is "that of the king or merely the plac-
ard of the foundling; whether, in fine, he is
the Arthur of the nation or the surplus baby
of a political Ginx.

Dropping the fanciful illustration and re-
turning to whence we started—the Georgia elec-

tion—it is evident that the effect of Wednesday's
work will solidify the Greeley party throughout
the entire South. It will induce the faint-
hearted or the indifferent to come into the
campaign with a greater certainty that their
labors will not be thrown away. It will ani-
mate the spirits of the contestants on that side
in the three great Middle States and vivify
once more the energies of those who will
be waiting until the first Tuesday in November
before taking part in the war on the adminis-
tration. It is fortunate in every way that this
should be the state of public feeling as the
sun rises which is to witness the de-
cision of Tuesday next. Were it other-
wise the liberals would have gone in
heavily weighted and depressed, and the
result would scarcely have been reached on
its actual merits. In such a close State as
Indiana, for instance, the pressure of outside
opinion might so dishearten the element which,
by its indecision, really holds the State in
its hands that Hendricks might have been
defeated on the merits of the Maine election.
As it is, the equilibrium is restored, and
what should be dear to all lovers of fair play,
namely, a fair fight, will take place. The in-
creased majority in Georgia will, as the latest
coup in the campaign, doubtless tend to turn
the balance of enthusiasm in favor of the lib-
erals, who, in the face of their powerful and
resolute opponents, will need all they can
muster. So the fight goes on.

The Late Lake Disasters and Tele-
graphic Mismanagement.

The late multiplied disasters to lake naviga-
tion are among the most serious that have
been recorded for some time. On the night
of the 28th ultimo four vessels were sunk,
a propeller and many rafts and scows went
ashore on Lake Erie, and numerous vessels
out of reach of assistance were flying their
signals of distress. The intelligence of the
30th ultimo showed fatal casualties to fourteen
large vessels on Lake Erie and the total
destruction of numerous smaller craft and
barges, with considerable loss of life. But the
telegrams of the 1st instant prove that there
was much greater loss of life and property on
Lake Huron than on Lake Erie. Several
steamers were overwhelmed in the gale, and
the waters of the lake must have presented a
fearful spectacle of wrecks. The probability
is we have not yet heard the worst.

It is certainly a matter of surprise that
shipmasters, in the equinoctial season, should
be so reckless of life as to be so exposed when
these lake tempests come on in their well-
known punctuality and fury. The government
weather telegrams cover the main parts of the
lake region and have not failed to give timely
warning of impending danger, and have fre-
quently announced these gales thirty-six hours
in advance of their arrival.

The approach of the late storm was duly
forewarned, and cautionary signals were or-
dered to be displayed at Buffalo, Cleveland,
Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Grand Haven, Mil-
waukee, Oswego and Rochester many hours
before the storm reached these places. The
orders for Milwaukee and Grand Haven did not
reach their destination, it is said, through the
negligence of the telegraph company entrusted
with their transmission—a criminal omission,
for which the company should be held re-
sponsible by the public who sustained damage
from their neglect. There can be no doubt
that shippers and seamen on the lakes would
gladly avail themselves of the meteorological
forecasts if furnished promptly by the tele-
graph companies, and if the latter knew their
own interests, they will do well to spare no
pains to transmit these storm warnings with
the utmost possible despatch. The American
public have endured until their patience is ex-
hausted the inefficiency of our telegraph cor-
porations. These overgrown monopolies can-
not expect the people quietly to submit to
mismanagement which entails not only vast
loss of property but also involves, as in the
present instance, great loss of life.

Luca's Marguerite.

All who had the great pleasure of seeing
Pauline Luca as Marguerite in the opera of
"Faust" on Wednesday night will long
remember that extraordinary performance. It
has been well said that the impression left
upon the mind by the highest works of art is a
joy forever, and Luca's delineation of the
beautiful creation of Goethe as adapted by
Gounod to the opera can never be effaced
from the memory. We make no comparisons,
invidious or otherwise, between the art of
Luca in this representation and that of other
prime donne. Several have afforded the
public much gratification in their per-
formance of the character of Marguerite,
and though differing in the conception
of it and in style of acting and sing-
ing, have had their excellences, but Luca
gives us the poet's idea. The acting
and the singing were in perfect accord and
were really superb. The vast and critical
audience was thrilled with delight. There has
never been any performance in the Academy
of Music, or in opera at any time in this country,
superior to that of Luca on Wednesday night.
Indeed, we remember nothing equal to it. We
can now understand the enthusiasm of the
Berlin, St. Petersburg and London audiences
over this charming prima donna. We do not
know which to admire most, her clear, full,
rich, and, as the Berliners call it, velvet voice,
used with consummate skill, or the unsur-
passed dramatic power of her action. How-
ever opinions may differ as to the most agree-
able representation of Marguerite, none can
deny the surpassing excellence of Luca's per-
sonation of it in accordance with the poet's
idea, and all must accord to her the highest
merit, both as a singer and actress. This was
evidently the verdict of the audience at the
Academy of Music, and will be of the Ameri-
can public everywhere.

GAMBETTA, the irrepressible Gambetta, is, it
appears, by his stump speeches in France,
building up a powerful party in opposition to
the present pro tempore compromise republican
government of President Thiers. The ultra-
view of the partisans of Gambetta is to
make their champion President, and Thiers,
though apparently secure in his place, is a very
old man. No wonder, therefore, that Gam-
betta's speeches are creating some alarm among
the conservatives and business classes of
France. Another storm is brewing.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE CAUCASUS may
find congenial professional employment at an
early day if the cable news reporting the hos-
tile demonstration of His Majesty Alexander
against the Khan of Khiva be verified.

The Burning of the Escorial.

The magnificent structure erected by Philip
II. of Spain to commemorate his victory over
the French at St. Quentin has been destroyed
by fire. The scanty details furnished by the
telegraphic despatches give reason to fear that
the building has been reduced to a complete
ruin, and that the priceless treasures of art and
literature which were deposited in the Escorial
are lost forever. The fire is said to have been
caused by lightning, and there is something
appalling in the rapidity with which the grand
old monument succumbed to the devouring
element. Among the many landmarks which
within a few years have been lost to posterity
none had so deep an interest for the thoughtful
mind as this temple-tomb of the gloomy
Spanish King. Its history is strangely en-
twined with the glory of Spain in the days
when the shadow of her haughty flag
was cast over half a conquered world.
It was the creation of a grand, austere
and gloomy age, and reflected proudly the
character of its creators. How the majesty of
that stately pile, in the midst of the desolation
that surrounded it on all sides, struck the
beholder with awe! Even the vulgar sight-
seer, wandering without reverence at the bid-
ding of an idle curiosity, was wont to speak in
subdued tones in the mysterious twilight of its
cloisters. There was about this noble structure
such an air of majestic grandeur as humbled
mere human pride. It was impossible not to
feel how insignificant were men in presence of
the tombs of kings before whom the world had
trembled. But the majestic temple frowned
down on the generation of the hour as it had
done on their ancestors three centuries before.
Time seemed only to increase the awe which
the pile inspired, and while all else changed
and passed away amid the shock of ages it
remained unshaken.

The loss of this monument cannot be too
deeply regretted, for it was one of the links
that bound us to the past. Under its shadow
the moderns could call up the remembrance of
a time when men worshipped other gods than
Mammon and soulless fashion. However much
the stern faith of the sixteenth century may
revolt the modern conscience, there is an im-
pressiveness in the whole-souled belief of that
age which compels our admiration. Religion
in those days was something more than a for-
mality, and the monuments the ages of faith
have left behind by their grandeur and noble
severity of aim dwarf the efforts of modern
genius. It is sad that these evidences of the
past should be doomed to disappear one after
another until in the far distant future no trace
of these grand monuments shall remain for the
instruction and delight of the unborn genera-
tions. The Tuileries and the Hotel
de Ville have been destroyed, and it is only a
few months since the venerable
Cathedral of Canterbury narrowly escaped
from the fate that has befallen the Escorial.
It is evident from these examples that there is
no power in civilization capable of preventing
the destruction of ancient monuments, and
we may speculate on a time when there will
remain no more trace of the art and architec-
ture of the early Christian age than we can
discover of the forgotten Phœnician civiliza-
tion. This is certainly a sad reflection, the
more so as the cause is due in chief part to
the indifference of the moderns, who take no
adequate precautions to preserve the monu-
mental treasures they have inherited. Had
only reasonable precautions been taken to pre-
pare for such an accident as has befallen the
Escorial, that magnificent structure could have
been saved for posterity. The solid nature of
the materials from which it was constructed
offered a strong guarantee against the ravages
of fire, and had there been some means at
hand to struggle with the flames in all
probability they would have been extinguished
before any serious damage had been done.
But it was not so decreed.

In a few short hours the fire flend reduced
to a heap of shapeless ruins the temple the
all-powerful Philip had watched growing
slowly for one and twenty years. He vainly
hoped it would remain forever to bear witness
to his piety and power. When the light of
life flickered sadly out of his weary heart he
found a resting place in the shadow of its
crypts. Now his dust is mingled with the
ashes of the temple he raised, and the glory of
both is at an end forever. The Spaniards,
with natural pride, were wont to call the
Escorial the seventh wonder of the world, and
the beauty, magnificence and imposing grand-
eur of the structure went far to justify the
pretension. All this greatness is now at an
end; the stranger no more will wander awe-
struck over the marble pavement of the
silent cloisters or linger on the Jasper
steps to listen to solemn music reverberating
through the lofty aisles. The masterpiece of
Bautista de Toledo and his pupil, Juan de
Herrera, has crumbled to ashes before the
electric flame, and one of the grandest ex-
amples of human genius brought forth in any
age is lost to posterity. Unfortunately the loss
is not confined to the structure. The library
has suffered severely, but according to the
latest accounts hopes were entertained of sav-
ing the greater part of the books and manu-
scripts. It is inconceivable that these literary
treasures should have been placed where no
adequate precaution against fire existed. If
there are other collections in Spain similarly
situated, we hope this example will have the
effect of having them transferred to places of
security. This is particularly desirable in
Spain, which is unusually rich in valuable
manuscripts.

PENNSYLVANIA—ANOTHER LIFT FOR BUCK-
LEW.—W. P. Schell, the labor reform candi-
date for Governor in Pennsylvania, has retired
in favor of Mr. Buckalew, the democratic and
liberal republican candidate. This movement
will doubtless give Buckalew some thousands
of votes which he would have lost had Schell
continued in the field. All parties and fac-
tions in Pennsylvania, however, understand
that their October fight between Hartranft
and Buckalew is a fight in which Hartranft
represents General Grant and Buckalew stands for
Mr. Greeley, and this retirement of Schell as
a disturbing element will only intensify the
conflict.

GRAD TO REAR IN.—That the Indians of Utah
have all returned to their reservations, are all
peaceful and quiet, and that General Morrow's
policy of provisions and blankets is a perfect
success. We are glad of it, among other rea-
sons, because now Lieutenant Wheeler's ex-
plorations in the unexplored portions of Utah,
Nevada and Arizona will go on, and because
from this expedition we anticipate very in-
teresting and valuable discoveries.

The Reform Canvass in New York.

William Butler Duncan for Mayor.

The people of the city of New York have as
deep an interest in the approaching municipal
contest as in the Presidential election itself.
No more important question can be pro-
pounded at this time than who shall be the
next Mayor of New York. If we are to har-
vest the fruits of last year's reform it can only
be done by the selection of an honest, earnest
man for Mayor. Anything short of this would
be going backward to the time when ward
organizations and rings controlled the city.
Party affiliations and party fealty must not be
allowed to intervene against a good candidate,
supported by the best men in the metropolis.
Such a candidate is Mr. William Butler Dun-
can, and such is the character of his support-
ers. The columns of the HERALD to-day show
that of the members of the Committee of
Seventy a majority are favorable to Mr. Dun-
can's nomination. Those who waver are only
hesitating because with them the claims of a
party are superior to the best interests of the
city. In the heat of a Presidential canvass it
is next to impossible for many persons to for-
get partisanship even in a matter which in no
way concerns the Presidential contest. But
we insist upon it that our Mayoralty election,
by the movements of last year, has been
divorced from national and State politics, and
stands out boldly as a separate issue involving
no question but the purity of local govern-
ment and the true interests of the metropolis.
Whether Grant or Greeley shall be President
is not a matter to be considered in connection
with the question whether Mr. Duncan shall
be Mayor. The reform movement began by
ignoring extraneous issues in municipal
affairs, and democrats voted with republi-
cans in the interest of reform. Now
republicans and democrats must again vote
together or we shall lose everything which
was gained by the previous contest, and the
reform movement will fall to the ground.

In Mr. Duncan the people of New York will
have a candidate whom all can support with-
out regard to party, and his nomination or
endorsement by this or that party is no argu-
ment against his nomination and endorse-
ment by all parties. He is a man to whom
the trust can be trustfully confided, and we
are confident that the tide of popular opinion
has set so completely in his favor that his
nomination will sweep aside every wave of
opposition. When a man like Judge Edwards
Pierpont, known to be among the firmest
supporters of the administration and one of
the strongest enemies of Tammany, declares
himself content with Mr. Duncan as the candi-
date of the people, and is ready to strike
hands with ex-Mayor Tiemann and others of
like character to secure an honest adminis-
tration of the city government, we may be as-
sured that party ties do not bind sufficiently
to destroy the best expectations of the com-
munity. At the same time we cannot over-
look the fact that there is hesitation and even
outright opposition. Some men are waiting
to see whether this popular movement will
jeopardize partisan success, and others are
seeking to make the municipal contest a path-
way to partisan victory. It would be idle to
expect anything else from politicians who
make the cry of reform only a stepping stone
for themselves or their party. Even men who
call themselves reformers would put the veriest
rogue in office if thereby they could better
their own fortunes. There are a few such in
the Committee of Seventy, and they, of course,
speak doubtfully of Mr. Duncan, because
they know he would carry out to the letter
their own pledges in the name of reform.

What we want in our next Mayor is a
character for integrity beyond reproach
and business capacity of the first order.
Politics do not enter into the canvass
except in so far as a pure administra-
tion of the city government is concerned.
Indeed, politics are so far from entering into
the canvass at all that we want a Mayor who
is not a politician—a Mayor who will at once
be true to the people of the metropolis and
capable of exercising the trust they are willing
to repose in him. It is the possession of these
qualities and the popular recognition of these
facts which have brought Mr. Duncan so
prominently forward for the Mayoralty, and
which will enable him to override all opposition.
The esteem in which he is held is apparent from
the opinions of many prominent gentlemen, as
expressed in this day's HERALD. No one
doubts him or would be unwilling to entrust
the best interests of the city in his hands.
Whatever opposition exists or may be found to
exist is due solely to partisanship and the de-
sire to confine the work of reform to the nar-
rowest channels. Any one not completely
blinded by mere party rancor can see that the
effect of such a course would be to defeat re-
form altogether. Reform is not a work for any
one political party. The past has proved that
in this city it is the work of the people. Bad
men were hurled from power because the
people willed it. Good men will be elected to
office because the people are determined to
have only good men. The people are urgently
in favor of Mr. Duncan, and the politicians
who oppose him will themselves feel the
rebuke of the people. The work of reform
must not be stopped for any party or
partisan reason, and the views of many of our
leading citizens as they are read this morning
will convince the doubters and those who seek
to put obstacles in the way of an honest
administration of the city government that
every effort of that nature will prove futile.
Reform has triumphed in New York, and
William Butler Duncan is the candidate of
the true reformers. His election is not only
assured but demanded. The people want him
because he is able and honest and identified
with all the great interests of the municipality.
They know that he not only sympathized with
but contributed largely to the reform move-
ment last year, and the determination to make
him the next Mayor of New York is only the
embodiment of the popular desire for the
permanent success of all that was good in that
movement. There must be no step backward,
and in his election the metropolis is assured
that there shall be no backward step, at the
same time that the Empire City of America
will have reason to be proud of the high
character of its chief public functionary.

EIGHTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—James
Brooks, who is never tired of running, is once
more in the field for Congress. He has three
competitors opposed to him, but when the
lookout on election evening responds to the
inquiry, Where are they? the answer will be,
"No where."

The Tennessee Congressional Duel.

In another part of to-day's HERALD we pre-
sent our readers with a graphic pen picture of
the contestants in Tennessee for the position
of Congressman at Large. In a trio of inter-
views the renowned triplet are held up to ad-
miration. It cannot be urged that Andrew
Johnson is an unfamiliar character, but he has
not been heard from with great frequency
during the past three years, and it will be in-
teresting to learn, now that he has broken the
shell of silence, that he bange and thrash
away as lively as ever at his foes, and finds the
old-time consolation in regarding himself as
the one wholesome individuality in the entire
world. He can still perform as many tricks
with the constitution as Herman could with a
lady's watch—i. e., hammer it to pieces, pull
out its works, burn it, scatter the ashes and
then take it out of the vest pocket of the rival
conjuror in a restored state. It is pleasant to
know that he has lost none of his dexterity,
and none of the force of stinging personality
with which he was wont to accompany his
well-known feats of political legdormain. Be-
side this sledge-hammer fighter we see the
smiling, diletante face of Maynard, who seeks
negro votes in one sentence and prophecies
their extinction in the next. This gentleman
acts on the pleasant policy of Louis XI of
France, who saw no necessity for honesty
while he was King, and replied to appeals for
reform with a shrug of contempt, remarking,
"The monarchy will last my time." The
nigger vote will last his time, he thinks, and the
carpet-baggers of futurity must take care of
themselves. But Louis XI is despised for his
selfishness, and, as events move faster now,
Maynard may share that fate before he dies,
even at the hands of "the inferior race" whom
he cajoles and scorns. Of the bluff Confede-
rate soldier, Frank Cheatham, the Convention
democratic candidate with a rebel record,
which he honestly believes to be without a
blot, we can only say that he is an odd con-
trast to his able opponents. His strength, he
thinks, is very great, but he cannot hope for a
thorough and hearty support from even his
own party while there is such a decidedly dis-
turbance influence as Andy Johnson kicking
vigorously around. Taken altogether, the history
of this old-fashioned three-cornered stump
duel in staid old Tennessee will be found to
present as many humorous and suggestive
points of interest as any other State canvass
in this great national campaign of side-splitting
oddities.

The Indian Exhibition.

Since the days of the lamented General
Jackson the occupants of the White House
have had a taste for indulging in Indian
shows. The object first proposed was, no
doubt, a good one, as it was hoped by show-
ing the braves the wealth and resources of the
the white man poor Lo would be induced to
abandon the custom of adorning himself
with the scalp of white getters. Whatever
hopes on this point may have been indulged
in at first, time, we regret to say, has proved
them to be utterly illusory. The noble sav-
ages were very willing to be befitted and whi-
keyed and powdered, if at the end
of the tiresome ceremonies they were
supplied with brand-new rifles and su-
perior tomahawks, which would be turned
against the unfortunate frontiersmen on the
first favorable opportunity. This burlesque
has absolutely been gone through time after
time with an unpleasant and unpromising
sameness of result. Latterly it has been car-
ried to such an extent that it has become a
nuisance. If it is to be continued we hope
that the system of making these cunning and
bloodthirsty savages presents of arms, that are
certain to be one day used for the slaughter of
the frontier population, will soon be brought
to an abrupt end. Good Indians ought not to
want guns, and bad ones should only be
served with plenty of bullets. As a practi-
cal illustration of the dignity of labor,
we would suggest to the Washington
authorities the desirability of making each
brave a present of a good spade. He might
receive a hint at the same time that we should
require him to prove his civilization and honest
order by using it. Until he has acquired a
proficiency with this arm of powerful warfare
we shall be willing to feed him, but if he will
insist on being a vagrant and a nuisance we
shall be compelled to put him under arrest or
where the labor question will trouble him no
more. This is what ought to be impressed on
the minds of the Indians by the Great Father,
and in the end it would have more effect than
the powwowing at present indulged in, which
leaves matters very much as they were before
and fails to give peace or security to the
frontier.

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